

To Lilia.

No idly feign'd poetic pains

My sad love-lorn lamentings claim.

Burns

Oh! sweetest Lilia! what were Life
Without the ties of Love?

A wide, a rugged field of thife,

Where Discord's sons would roam!

Passion would rage without controul,

And vultures dwell within the soul,

And not the tender Dove:

If Love had not coeval birth,

Oh! what were man? — Oh! what were Earth?

2

On wings of Air Love swiftly flies,
 And lightens either Pole;
 Soft Influence, streaming from his eyes,
 Effuses from his soul:

Earth joyous flutters in his ray,
 The Heavens crouch his halcyon way,
 And in his orbit roll:

Darkness and Death obey his might,
 For Love is soul of Life and Light!

3

Oh! if Love shed his choicest beam
 Upon the finest heart;
 If minds where sense and genius gleam,
 Most strongly feel his art;
 To thy soft breast, thy soul refined,
 Thy heart, thy cultivated mind, —
 To thee — he must impart —
 The brightest glories that are given
 To mortals, ere they pass to Heaven!

'Tis true! — I have not known thee long;
 Yet thou hast shed a light
 Upon my dazzled soul so strong —
 So warm, and pure, and bright, —
 That Love hath stamp'd his burning seal
 Upon a heart that's fann'd to feel
 Past all that I can write;
 My deep fetch'd sighs — my tears attest —
 Thee soft controller of my breast!

I hate a feeling sick and tame, —
 A heart so chilly cold, —
 That Time must fan the feeble flame,
 And months — nay — years be told, —
 Ere Fancy can some warmth impart
 To such a weak and worldly heart, —
 No — No! — let Love be bold! —
 And mine shall storms and dangers brave, —
 Thy star will guide it o'er the wave!

The sympathy, with which my Love
 Enclasps thy fate to mine,
 Is with such strength of feeling wove,
 That life and Death combine;
 And all thy bliss were life to me,—
 My more than Death thy misery;—
 Oh! I am wholly thine!—
 My bosom feels thy joy and pain,—
 As Tides obey the moon's bright reign!

I dare not think — though I may hope —
 That thou wilt smile on me;
 No power can with affection cope,
 So pure as thine must be:
 Thy mind is too sincere to move
 To whom thy heart can't dearly love;—
 Oh! I'm unworthy Thee!—
 Yet canst thou fly my memory ever?
 My lovely and beloved! — Oh never!

Though Lilia's heart beat to another,
 My heart were still the same;
 I'd fondly love her as a brother,
 And cherish dear her name:
 Though all my bliss stern Fate should take, -
 Though tears should flow, and heart should break,
 No sigh should Lilia blame:
 Some Joy would gild the very tear,
 That started from a source so dear!

Yet, oh! the thought appals my soul,
 And heaves my breast with sighs; -
 Round other orbs I ne'er can roll;
 No beams of Joy can rise,
 If Lilia set, upon my sight, -
 Withdraw her troubling beams of light, -
 Drive Favour from her eyes; -
 Yet, Heaven! although I scarcely dare
 To hope — 'twere madness to despair!

Sidmouth
 July 21 - 1814

Sent
given 21st July Thursday
1814 with a poetry book
in manuscript

Mrs Thomagin Leigh